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OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, JANUARY 27, 1898. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

"NATURE, the universal mother, has sympathy with all her children. All smiles and blushes in the early dawn, she awakes the young and joyous, and with them wonders and hopes. On the bold and ardent she flashes hotly at noon; she dreams with the languid at twilight hour; at night she steps up to the mourner and puts her sweet face down quite near to his.

She speaks to him no word of comfort; there is one comforter for sorrow—TIME; but she lays her shadowy hands upon his aching eyes, and gives to them the consolation of tears; she touches his over-strained heart, and lo! its bonds are snapped and its anguish overflows; she wraps him tenderly in her dark arms and bids him tell his grief; and, silently bending over him, she listens."

—FROM "THE RAMAYANA."

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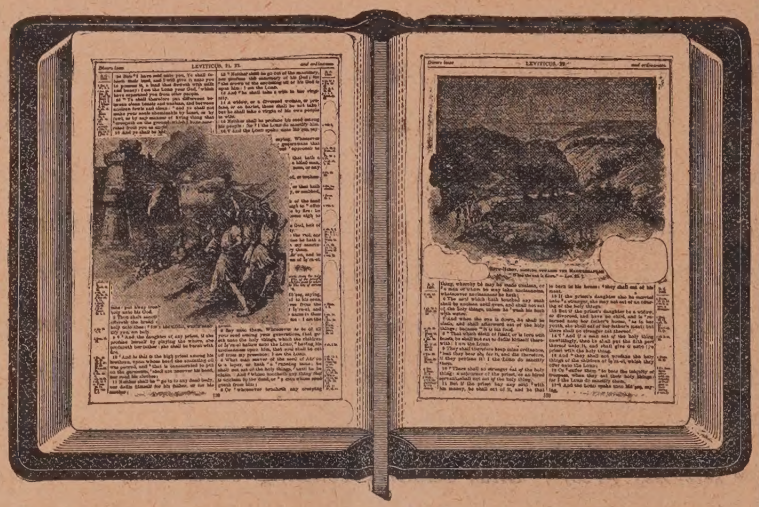

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tianş? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tianş, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´şeş said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tianş whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22 20. 4.

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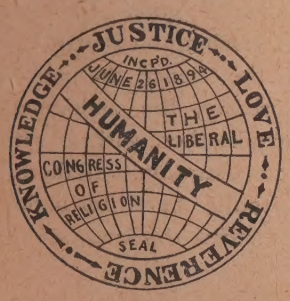
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1898. NUMBER 48



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

There is upon life's hand a magic ring—
The ring of Faith-in-good, Life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all Life's charm take wing;
Remove it not, lest straightway you behold
Life's cheek fall in, and every earthly thing
Grow all at once unutterably old.

—EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

If we mistake not, Wisconsin is now, in many respects, the banner state of the Union so far as the wise and energetic introduction of public libraries under statute direction and control is concerned. The first report of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission (of which Senator J. H. Stout, of Menominee, is president), is before us, and it tells a most interesting story through type and picture. Of this story we will have more to say at another time.

The Japanese are putting in their missionary work upon would-be American Christians in many ways. The last humanizing pagan innovation is that inaugurated by Miss Helen Long, daughter of the secretary of the navy, who pronounced the name of the new war ship Kasagi at Philadelphia without the antique and coarse suggestion of the wine bottle. Instead a beautful white dove was released from a silken bag. Even yet there is incongruity on the surface, but let us hope that under the wise administration of John D. Long, secretary of the navy, the naval ships will become more and more messengers of peace of which the dove is a fitting emblem.

Director George E. Hale, of the Yerkes' Observatory at Williams' Bay, Wis., in a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune, assures the public that the observatory has been well placed and that the great telescope vindicates its eminence. Prof. Barnard has "picked up four or five very close, new double stars" with a power of 3,750 (diameters?). The professor reminds the public that even with the greatest instrument surprises are not to be picked up every day. But valuable results are to be expected in due time.

The proceedings of "The First National Congress of Mothers," held in Washington last February, has been published in book form and can be obtained by addressing the National Congress of Mothers, Washington, D. C. The paper edition is 35 cents, cloth bound $1.15. Of this book the superintendent of public instruction in New York says, "If this report is generally circulated it will in time, help work out a great reform in our home and in our methods." The next session of the Congress is to be held May 2-7, 1898.

We come at last to the closing words spoken at the Nashville Congress. The Sunday session in the Temple will be remembered by many who were present as one of the most impressive occasions that come but seldom into our lives. From many sources we have received assurance that we made no editorial mistake in giving our columns to this meeting. Of the results at Nashville a layman writes us:

> As to my own impressions of the aftermath of your meeting in our town, it seems to me that it can be nothing else than a plenteous harvest of good results. The character of the membership of that Congress; their exalted moral and intellectual worth; their dignified decorum under trying circumstances; their forbearance and patient endurance of rebuff on rebuff from the local clergy—turning the other cheek when smitten on one—and above all, their profound and eloquent presentation of great progressive truths ought to, and I believe has, wrought good work among all.

With this closing word of the Nashville Congress we are glad to announce definitely the dates of the Omaha Congress, which have been fixed for October 13-23, 1898. All the indications point to a still greater meeting then. Please read Director Powell's "Call" in our Liberal Field Department, and remember that the only way to make this a greater meeting is by the friends of the Congress taking greater interest and making greater sacrifices. It is none too early to begin. We hope to be able to publish a continuous list of those who join Mr. Powell in organizing a body guard for the Liberal Congress at Omaha.

Pedigree lists have passed over from farm stock to human folk. The last of the Pedigree societies is the Sons of Runnymede, composed of those who can trace unbroken ancestry back to that event. Such people are, of course, highly favored. They need nothing more in this world. Badge them, and pass them on, while those of us who have no remarkable pedigrees are allowed faithfully to do the physical and intellectual work of the world, and possibly start a pedigree for those who shall live five hundred years hence.

"Do n't Worry" circles are being formed in various cities. These are the rules:

1. Consider what must be involved in the truth, that God is infinite and that you are part of his plan.
2. Memorize some of the Scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns.
3. Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies.
4. Realize worrying as an enemy which destroys your happiness.
5. Realize that it can be cured under persistent effort.
6. Attack it definitely as something to be overcome.
7. Realize that it has never done and never can do the least good.
8. Help and comfort your neighbors.
9. Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions.
10. Induce other to join in the "Do n't Worry" movement.

There is something pathetic in some of the items as published in the inventory of the Pullman estate recently filed in the probate court of Chicago. The complicated nature of such an estate comes out in the long list of bonds and stocks and shares classified as "good," "doubtful," and "desperate." The items of the home are instructive. The contents of the drawing-room were listed at $17,000, the furniture of the reception room $1,100, the breakfast room $1,400, the dining room 2,300. The contents of the library room aggregated $16,239, but the library itself is listed at 546 volumes inventoried at 44 cents each, representing a total of $240.24. This is rather a valuable cabinet for so small and cheap a gem. But let it be remembered that the gems of the library, after all, must ever be the books there and not the cases in which they are placed. Let the library gatherer buy books. Pine shelves arranged by the village carpenter will make a library elegant and valuable if the immortals be upon these shelves. It is an indignity to the great authors to obscure them in sumptuous surroundings and to lock them up in costly cabinets.

The Right Reverend Father Conaty, director of the University of America at Washington, the successor of Father Keene, is making a tour of the country raising funds for the great university at Washington. Last week he was in Chicago and spoke in the Holy Name Cathedral to a large audience on "Catholic Education in America," and combatted the idea that "the time of dogmatism and ecclesiasticism in university government is nearing a close." He thought these were necessary in order to successfully combat with "agnostic and irreligious science." Let the good work go on. Even with all his safeguards the good bishop will find that the university at Washington is attractive to the students because of the science, the untrammelled science, and philosophy, the undogmatic philosophy, which they acquire there with or without the sanction of the administration. If there is not room enough in the catholic church for undogmatic sciences and untrammelled thinking, science will build on the without.

Dr. Hirsch, last Sunday, speaking of anti-Semitism, counted one cause of the growth of this feeling as being the growth of nationalism as opposed to the sentiment of cosmopolitanism. He says "The federation of the world, the parliament of man has no appeal to the nations after Sedan and Plevna." If this is true, then indeed is civilization on the decline. That patriotism that is not rooted in cosmopolitanism is, as George Eliot says "the virtue of small minds." We need nothing so much as a baptism of cosmopolitanism in religion, in politics, and in trade. The time has gone by when we can be prosperous in any one of these directions without a concern and anxiety for the whole. The "American consciousness" or the "Christian consciousness" is too small to serve or save the world. Much more so is the "Republican or Democratic consciousness," the "Presbyterian, Catholic, or Unitarian consciousness." Morality and spirituality languish within these arbitrary and artificial lines. We need to make students of comparative religions, international politics and conscious citizens of the world.

We have before us the proceedings of the twenty-first annual convention of the American Humane society held last October at Nashville, Tenn. Aside from the routine work and the interesting statistics presented there are abstracts from the addresses on "The Witchcraft of To-day," by Mrs. Georgianna Kendall, of New York; "The Law of Sacrifice vs. the Law of Cruelty," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "The Interesting of Children in Humane Work through already Existing Societies," by Elizabeth W. Olney, of Providence, R. I.; "Scientific Assassination," by Albert Leffingwell; "The Third Commandment," by Rev. W. R. Lord, and much other matter that ought to engage the attention of the pulpits of our land and enlist the sympathy of the readers of THE NEW UNITY. The secretary can be reached by addressing him at No. 163 Winter St., Fall River, Mass. We hope that many of our readers

will secure copies of this report. In connection with this report comes the paper on "The Extermination of Birds," by Miss Caroline Spencer, of Catskill, N. Y., published in January as a tract by itself. Let it be promptly set a going on its missionary work.

Jane Addams, on the platform of the Ethical Culture Society last Sunday, spoke a sane word, not only concerning the "Johnny Powers" perplexity of the nineteenth ward of Chicago, but of corrupt politics everywhere. "Johnny Powers" is confessedly the king of boodlers. Everybody knows that he is at the head of the "gang" and has been there for many years, but every attempt to displace him has proven as yet ineffectual. Miss Addams lives in "Johnny Power's" ward, and she says that he is elected by the simple people of that ward, not because he is bad, but because he is good. At one time he had twenty-six hundred people of his own ward on the pay rolls of the city, one-third of the entire vote. He bails his constituents out of the police station; uses his "pull" with the magistrates; helps them out of the Bridewell; makes presents at weddings and christenings, and gives away loads of turkeys at Christmas. That he is corrupt they all know, but then they also think that "they all do it," and they prefer a kind boodler to a morose one. He is indeed, in the estimation of his voters, a modern Robin Hood, who steals from the rich and gives to the poor in the "merry woods of Windsor" in Chicago. Miss Addams further told the audience that when at the last election, they tried to defeat Mr. Powers, it soon became apparent to the voters that the money and speakers that were back of the reform candidate came from the "swells" outside the ward, and also that the money which backed the corrupt alderman was also coming from a "swell" source. The president of a street-car combination for whom this alderman performed constant offices in the city council, was ready to back him to the extent of fifty thousand dollars. He also was a good man who had recently given large sums to an educational institution and had been complimented for it by the noblest in the city. Of course "Johnny Powers" was returned.

And any "bright Chicago boy, not necessarily a Nineteenth ward boy might well draw the inference that the path of the corrupt politician not only leads to civic honor, but the glories of benevolence and philanthropy." Well did Miss Addams say "This lowering of standards, this setting of a low ideal is the worst of the situation. We are all involved in this political corruption, and as members of the community stand indicted." In the last analysis not the boodler but the boodlee is the greater criminal before God and man. When moneyed interest shuts the mouth of the intelligent and the competent, and allies the dwellers on the boulevard with the "gang" that live on the alleys, it does not take much ethical insight to see where the reform must begin.

The Law of Renunciation.

Last week we called attention in our editorial to the infinite man as revealed and exemplified by the faith and practice of the Brahmins. This week we would offer a timely lesson gathered from the teachings of the "Ramayana," one of the two great epics of India, an epic that took its final form perhaps three centuries B. C. In this book the law of renunciation is taught impressively. The asceticism here set forth is not the laceration of flesh in order to satisfy an angry God or to disappoint some external Satan, or to escape the fires of a theological hell, but in the main it is the soul traveling the solitary path towards God. It is the will getting control of its dominion. It is the heart of man seeking after things more excellent. It is the trampling under foot of the passions that stain, the appetite that burns, the ambitions that degrade. The soul grows by meditation and peace comes through reflection. The holy Brahmin in the book is represented as one whose life "has been pure and tranquil, whose soul reflects the divine will as a still lake gives back the blue of heaven."

Valmiki, the poet, is represented as one who dwelt in the wild and solitary forest, but not one who sought to obtain a special boon from Brahm by self-inflicted penance, but one who sought unobscured vision and unbiased conscience and impartial judgment.. He sought to know living creatures better that he might serve them. Here he acquired the gentle ways which led the gazelle to apologize for interrupting him; the tiger would slink away from his presence and plead in extenuation for his destruction of life "that roots and berries do not agree with us." And the little flower under his feet would open her corolla and say, "why are you so restless, Valmiki? Are you ill? There is healing virtue in my root. Pluck me if you will." To which the hermit replied, "I am not ill, dear little sister. It is the thought of the evil that is in the world which keeps me wakeful."

One of the stories translated for us in "The Iliad of the East," is entitled "The Penance of Visvamitra," "An Elephant among Kings," who had ruled on the earth, an incarnation of justice, for many thousand years. At last he wearied and wanted excitement, and so he organized an army and went forth in search of conquest, but there was none to contend with him. He came upon a hermit, who, through the help of a miraculous cow, the immaculate Sabala, gave him and his army royal entertainment, and the king desired the cow and fain would take her by force, but her resources were greater than the king's. She would not leave her kind master, and so the next time she was milked she yielded hosts of warriors, impulsive and loyal, and they vanquished the king's forces. The humiliated king, seeing that there was that stronger

than he, gave over his empire to his son and retired into the forest to earn the favors of the deathless gods. In due time the immortals yield him another army, and though his weapons were terribly described, they were ineffectual against the holy man, the friend and keeper of the cow. Whereupon the king again threw away his implements of warfare and retired to the rugged slopes of the Himalayas. After a thousand years more of solitude Brahm appeared and told him that he had become worthy of a place among the holy ones. But this does not satisfy him. Then follows more years of seclusion, more millenniums of meditation. At times he throws away his penitence and plunges into the life of passion, and awakens to find the fruits of his discipline scattered to the winds, his power of self-control gone, his resolution broken, his science dimmed, until at last, countless cycles of years brought him to the point where his prayer was, "O, Brahm, if by the force of my penitences I have acquired the rank of a Brahmana, let there enter into me knowledge of the holy readings and of the Vedas, and of truth, and perfection, and constancy, and intelligence, and science, and quietude, and patience, and chastity, and mercy, and tolerance, and gratitude, and a mind inaccessible to error, and emancipation from thought, and emancipation from desire."

Alas for those who dismiss this parable of the East too promptly. There is a "life of the flesh" that is incompatible with peace or strength. There is a "life of the world" that does make one shallow, feverish, unhappy. There is an outward hunger for companionship, at any cost, and under any condition that withers and blights the sinews of the heart, and thereby makes the society we move in shallow and flippant. The men of wealth, whose thousands are so many gadflies nagging and worrying them around the world like Io in the Greek story, in search of what no travel ever brings; the women who, in winter time, wear themselves out in dancing attendance upon social functions, in parading the achievements of the dressmaker and the milliner at opera and at ball, and in summer time pack their massive Saratoga trunks and rush again to the "resorts," where again the giddy round goes on; and the men who spend unfertile hours over their decanters at the sumptuous club-houses that are conspicuous in every city, whose chief attractions lie in the fact that they are great gilded saloons, respectable drinking places, where King Gambrinus, the spirit of alcohol, and the god Bacchus, hold unlimited sway, need to learn the lesson taught by the "Ramayana," that there is restoration in the woods; that there is a serenity in the forests, communion with birds and flowers, fellowship with the rivers, and holiness in mountain solitudes. These men and women need to know that there is exhilaration in thought and companionship in ideas that never come until the soul enters the temple of simplicity and lays its offerings upon the shrine of meditation. The men and women of to-day need to learn that the very power they believe in and that they desire, that power that will give them control over men and women, enable them to shape municipalities on the lines of justice, to direct the social forces so that they will make for intelligence and integrity and honor; that will enable them to build homes into which children have a right to be born, and under whose influence they can grow into a manhood and womanhood, can only be obtained by throttling the passions, controlling the appetites, living as becomes minds, self-directing, self-controlling. There is an awful waste of physical tissue, of bodily nerve, going on in this land to-day. There is a still greater waste of spiritual fabric, mental power, at these places of respectable dissipation, of fashionable displays and distraction.

The sanctities of retirement, the saving power of reflection are fundamental elements in the life of to-day. They are the central things in the wisdom of these United States in this nineteenth century A.D., as they were in the life of India 500 B.C.

An intimacy with nature and acquaintance with one's own soul are factors in the religious life more fundamental than are our thoughts about incarnations, redemptions, saviors or trinities. Errors theological may represent the many heads of the wicked Ravana of this story which Rama repeatedly shot off with his hissing darts but one was no sooner torn off than another sprung to its place.

"Why dost thou aim at the demon's head?" said the celestial driver, "that is not the seat of the evil which makes him vunerable."

Obeying this hint, Rama adjusted in his bow the terrible dart of Brahm and aimed at Ravana's heart. As the celestial shaft struck him he flung his clenched fist above, as though even then defying heaven, tottered to the edge of his chariot, and, like a ruptured mountain, crashed to earth. At first there was no shout of triumph—a deep long breath hushed through the army, whilst from afar were heard the muffled throbbings of the drum of victory, sounded by the celestial hosts. Then down from heaven fluttered a rain of flowers; a fresh, soft breeze sprang up; all there heard the Gandharvas singing, and round Rama a troop of bright Apsaras joined hands and danced for joy. "Hail to Rama, the friend of all living creatures!" cried the soldiers. "The evil power is broken, the reign of Justice has commenced."

The vulnerable point is now just where it was then. The heart of irreligion is not in the creeds or the forms, not in the words or the organizations, but it is in unworthy homes, in artificial lives, lives unrelated to the cosmic forces within and without. Indulgence and dissipation in high places and low, is as debilitating in the so-called refined and cultivated circle of America as in the so-called pagan life of India. Let the friend of the living, the power of religion aim at the heart of these real infidelities of our times and again the evil power will be broken and the reign of justice will begin.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Blood Atonement.

Of all the million orbs above,
Rolling through realms of boundless space,
For God's dear sake, whose name is love,
Give this dark earth, the lowest place.

What have the centuries done for her,
With all their science, art and strife,
But dig a mighty sepulchre
Where death forever feeds on life.

Dark caverns of the sea and land,
The hills, upheaved, a charnal mound;
Great deserts with their shifting sand,
Unmarked, a nation's burial ground.

Plague, famine, fire, and whelming flood,
Death's agents, fighting hard with men;
And over all the Hebrew's God,
His altars red with thousands slain!

War blast the world with sword and lance;
The lightning's shock, the earthquake's tread,
Make mountain rocks the monuments
Of mighty cities, buried, dead.

From Abel's blood on Eden's plain,
A scarlet line is running still
Through forty centuries to the stain
Time cannot wash from Calvary's hill.

A scarlet line—far in the east,
Before the closing century's o'er,
Nations may sicken at the feast
Of bloodiest field e'er seen before.

Moan, winds on dark Judea's hill;
Moan, waves of star-lit Gallilee;
Gone your glad song of "Peace, Goodwill,"
That thrilled a listening world from thee.

Sing, morning stars, your gladsome strain,
Dancing on pavements of the sky,
But, O, for earth; the tears, the pain,
The strife, the eternal agony!

If blood's the atoning sacrifice
For sins of men down here below,
If blood's the price of paradise,
'Twas paid in full—O, long ago.

Stevens Point, Wis. WILLIAM GOLDSMITH BROWN.

A Friend's Tribute to Mr. Forbush.

As a prelude to his sermon on Sunday morning, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, Mich., spoke as follows concerning the Rev. T. B. Forbush, whose recent death takes away one of the best known and most forceful liberal preachers of the west:

It was a surprise and a shock when word came to us a week ago of the death of our esteemed friend and long-time near neighbor, Rev. T. B. Forbush, late of Memphis, Tenn., but for some years pastor of the Unitarian church in our neighboring city of Detroit. I had known Mr. Forbush so long, and our relations had been so intimate that I cannot speak of this wholly unexpected event of his death without feelings of deep personal loss and sorrow.

He was one of the first ministers whose acquaintance I formed when coming into the Unitarian fellowship, from the Baptists, among whom my earlier life had been spent. While making my transition, before I had preached in any Unitarian pulpit, I visited him at his home in Cleveland, where he was then settled. From that time on, until almost the time of his death, we had been much together in working relations of various kinds, and in friendship.

He was of Massachusetts birth, coming of Puritan stock, from whom he inherited vigorous Puritan traits. After completing his studies for the ministry he held two short pastorates in the east, one of which was at West Roxbury, close to Boston, where Theodore Parker was at one time settled. But he was greatly attracted by the stirring new life of the west, and soon came to the flourishing young city of Cleveland, O. He was there for perhaps ten years, preaching to large congregations. Then he came to Detroit, where he did not stay quite so long. While there he made himself a strong factor in the Unitarian activity of this state. After leaving Detroit he was for a time the superintendent and manager of the Chicago Athenaeum, a college for working men. Then he was pastor at Milwaukee for five years or so; then Western Superintendent for the American Unitarian Association, having charge of our home missionary and church extension work for the central west, with headquarters in Chicago. This important position he held for seven years, up to a little more than a year ago, since which time he had been preaching in Memphis, Tenn.

I have no particulars at all as to his illness or death. He was sixty-five years old, but with his vigorous constitution and generally good health, he gave promise of many more years of effective service to the cause of liberal religion which he so much loved. Naturally I knew him best, as you did, during the years of his Detroit life. We were much together in the missionary work of the state. He gave us valuable assistance in raising the money to build our new church in this educational center, the importance of which as a field for the propagation of Unitarian thought he always appreciated highly. During those years I exchanged with him oftener than with any other minister, which brought him often here. During the period of his western superintendency he filled the pulpit here a number of times in my absence. Thus he was known better to this congregation than almost any other Unitarian clergyman. Hence it is not strange that news of his death has not only startled us all, but brought with it a sense of bereavement.

Mr. Forbush was a clear, logical thinker, and a preacher of great intellectual force. Few men who have ever come to Ann Arbor have given sermons that have been listened to with more interest. Possibly his discourses lacked somewhat in warmth, in imagination, in poetry, in human interest, they certainly did not lack in lucidity of statement, in power of thought, or in ethical emphasis. His convictions were decided; his personality was strong; he always stood for the thing he believed. As a consequence he sometimes made enemies. But he meant to be just to everybody, and he accorded to others the rights which he claimed for himself. As a man he was genial and companionable. Few houses are so hospitable as was his. He was a manly man, he met men easily; men liked him; he had many men in his congregations. He did excellent pulpit work in the various cities where he was settled. He rendered able administrative service in the years when he was superintendent of missions and church extension. For twenty-five years and more he was an influential leader in western Unitarianism. He will not soon be forgotten.

The Nashville Congress.

Brothers and sisters in the great family of man, little children in the household of our Father, fellow-seekers after light, fellow-workers for the right, fellow-worshipers at that universal shrine whereon brood the eternal sanctities that are revealed through Knowledge, Justice, Love and Reverence.

CLOSING SESSION HELD AT THE ELM STREET TEMPLE SUNDAY AFTERNOON OCTOBER 24th, 1897, 3 P. M. EXERCISES CONDUCTED BY THE PRESIDENT, THE FOLLOWING ADDRESSES WERE MADE BY THE SPEAKERS INDICATED.

REV. W. D. SIMONDS OF MADISON, WIS.

Mr. Chairman and Friends:—Several times during this Congress our president has stated that our object is not destruction, but construction; that we desire to build, not to tear down, and I wish to take these words of his as text and theme for the little that I have to say to you.

First, if you please, an explanation, not exactly a defense, but an explanation of the reason we are here in this way. It has been said in this city, and probably will be said again, that we are here as destructionists, as men who have deliberately chosen to oppose the prevailing opinions of the people. Now, good friends, I venture to say that we are here not because we have chosen, in the sense of preference, this work and this reform of ours. We are here because we cannot help it. Forces back of us, beneath, about and above have moved us, and we come in obedience to the great law of progress that no enlightened and honest man can disobey. At least, speaking for myself, I am here against preference and against self-interest. I was raised in one of the noblest of the older communions. I was ordained at her altars, and both desire, ambition, and all the dreams of young manhood, as well as the ties of natural affection, would have held me to those altars. I knew well when I left that older communion that the liberal minister has a hard road to travel. I knew just as well then as I know now, that the heart would often ache in isolation, and I should long for the old fellowship, for I have not a particle of sympathy with that aristocracy of liberalism which prides itself upon the fact that we are a select few, therefore the salt of the earth. I am sorry we are few. I long for the larger communion. I love to worship where the people worship. And I venture to say that others upon this platform and in this Congress are here, not from choice, not from preference, but because conscience and reason have forced them to come, and when any man in this city or elsewhere represents that we are the willing and cheerful opponents of the religion that the multitudes love, we can answer in all sincerity—we are separated from you not of choice, but with an almost infinite regret.

I wish in the moment I stand here, to bring to you two great affirmations. We are here not to destroy, not to deny, but to affirm. We believe that the foundations of ancient religion are crumbling. We believe that the foundation of the ancient church cannot stand the investigation of this later day, and we do not believe that the church can long hide her weakness with an elaborate ritual, beautiful music, eloquence in the pulpit, or any other art or device of man. And because we believe that the old foundations are crumbling, we strive to build on better, viz.: this, that the true foundation of religion is human nature itself. We like to say religion is here, not because ancient church is here, not because ancient Bible is here, but religion is in the world because man is in the world, and while man remains religion shall endure. In other words, our great affirmation is, given such a being as man in such a universe as this, and religion is inevitable. By and by the old church, if she is to stand, must patiently build upon our foundation.

One other affirmation: We believe that this blessed age of ours is witnessing the drawing together of the nations of the earth; that our rapid transit, our means of communication, and here at least in America, the mingling of the races, are drawing all classes and conditions of men together. Now, when commerce unites men, and the growing unity of language unites men, and common interest unites men, we are here to say the time has come for religion to unite men, and to no longer abide a separating force in the world. We believe that underneath all forms and systems of religion, there is a divine unity, and we are willing to be pioneers and bear the burdens of pioneer work in search for that common and most gracious bond.

One illustration, and I will give way to others. Once, in the busy streets of a great city, I heard the scattered syllables of song, here and there a tone rising above the noise of the street. I followed on and came at last to where the song was clear and strong and sweet, for I stood in the presence of the singer, only a street singer to whom God had given a wonderful voice, and as he sang to us of his own land, fair Italy beyond the sea, all unsightly scenes vanished and all the noises of the street were lost to sense, and more than one listener, I am sure, stood in beautiful Italy and under her glorious sky.

I hear to-day the scattered syllables of another song, the occasional tones of an altogether divine melody, and if it may not come to man in its sweetness and power in my day, yet it will come, the music of a religion that is so Christly that it is altogether fraternal, and brings all sorts and conditions of men into common fellowship before the one God, the loving father of us all.

REV. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Friends, this is our last meeting. We gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost. I too, would speak of four great affirmations of this Liberal Congress.

The first, of course, is the affirmation of the essential fact of religion;—that it exists in the history of man, potent and all-powerful; in the experience of the person, vital and real; that it exists in essence of life the same under all forms of manifestation. And what is its essence? The conscious relationship between the human and divine? Whoever has struggled and aspired, reached upward and found answering from the heights an uplifting influence, has been religious, has known himself a child of the Spirit.

The second great affirmation of our Congress is that this religion is not only a unity in its essence, but is universal in its operation. Wherever there is a human heart it must seek to make connection not only with the near but with the remote. This universal religion does under all differences unite,

whether we know it or not, because wherever two human beings come together in some high mood of love and service, they are at one. It is only when they try to formulate their doctrines and state what they believe theologically that they find themselves apart.

And then our third affirmation which the friend who preceded me has touched so warmly and so well, is this: Surely, if religion is one in essence and universal as a fact of human experience (not limited to any race or clime), then it must be, it will be, the most fraternal and brotherly of all influences. When we say that religion is universal, what do we say? We declare that there are no step-children of God, none that need to be adopted. We all belong to one family, and if so, then to say that one is "a member of the human family in good and regular standing," is to show that one belongs to the church universal.

And, if so, then we have only to find out that we are brothers in religion, to swell the social chorus.

What, my friends, I ask you, is the greatest thing that we witness in this, the nineteenth century? It is not the wonders of our mechanical and commercial progress, that built the marvels of our Exposition; it is not the wonders of electricity that lend new fascination to architecture and a new charm to the evening hours. It is not all these wonderful things that have intoxicated us with material advance. It is the social consciousness of the age, the feeling of responsibility of each for all, and all for each. This it is that makes the glory of this, the last end of our wonderful century, and this has made two forces of the world absolutely fraternal in consciousness as well as in essence. These two are education and philanthropy. What is it that makes the common schools of America the greatest mission stations of the world? It is this religious feeling at the heart of educational effort,—the feeling that Channing expressed when he said, "Every soul is unspeakably sacred, and therefore every child has a right to the best development society can afford." What is it that constitutes the special characteristic and the deepest glory of modern, that is, enlightened philanthropy? It is another element of the religious instinct of the time; it is the religious aspect of social science, that which Herbert Spencer expressed when he said, "No one can be perfectly moral until all be moral; no one can be perfectly wise until all are wise; no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy." That ethical translation of the doctrine of the solidarity of the human race is at the bottom of the philanthropy of this, our age of service,—each one for another, and all for each. Two places fraternalism has not yet entered as a recognized and honored guest. One is the market-place of the world where men still strive, unbrotherly, for gains, because they have not yet learned that one man's gain is all men's gain. What we want religion to do is to enter the market-place, to lift there her banner, and to write on it the word of old, "And a man shall be more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold." And one more place we want fraternalism to enter. We want that conscious fraternalism, sure of itself and glad of its breath, to write across the doorway of every church, every little church, "Behold! One is our Father, even God, and we all are brethren."

One more affirmation this Congress has brought. It is the affirmation of the safety of truth, the confident security in the guidance of the ever-dawning new light. It has brought a message, friends, that we should cultivate in ourselves soul-sensitiveness, so that we shall hear what Tennyson calls

> "The Motion toiling in the gloom,
> Yearning to mix itself with life,"—

the oncoming spring-tide of new growths of thought and action.

Friends, I listened to one of the ministers of this city to-day, a Baptist brother, who could not fellowship me, who feels that this Congress is a harmful, and not a helpful agency, and I was glad in my soul that if he could not fellowship me I could fellowship him. I was glad that he stood there honest and earnest for the thing he believed, but sometime, I believe that in this life or another, (so sure am I that we are all children in the heavenly school,) if that Baptist brother should meet me again, in the Elysian fields, if not before, I shall say, "Do you remember, once you thought God only had one way of helping and teaching man? Now you have found out that there are as many roads to God as there are souls that struggle and aspire.

Rev. R. A. White, of Chicago.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have no set speech to make and no brilliant thought to add to this afternoon symposium. But I am glad of the opportunity of saying a word for the cause in which I am so much interested, that I believe in—the Liberal Congress of Religion. I believe in its mission. I believe in it as one of the great prophetic forces of the nineteenth century. I believe, as the first speaker said, its coming was inevitable. Its beginnings may be small, as all reforms have been. No great thing that has ever entered into the affairs of human life or human society has begun in any other way than a small way. It may seem to some of us and to some of you, in these years of its inception, following hard upon the great Parliament of Religions, that it is insignificant in its size and in its influence. Yet no one who has read history, who understands the beginnings and the growth of great things in the world; no one especially who appreciates the new floodtides of thought, the new tendencies toward tolerance, the new tone of modern education, can for a moment doubt that the Liberal Congress of Religion is bound to become a great religious and social force in this country. If, by any mismanagement, or by any series of circumstances, this particular organization fails, then in the providence of God, some other organization will rise up to take its place. And so the great work of fraternization will go on in the world.

In my estimation the Congress stands, first of all for the new interpretations of religion that are abroad in the land. The old doctrine of hell must pass away and take its place among other traditional fields of past ages. And so the doctrine of the Fall, of the Atonement, in the aspect of a blood atonement, indeed every one of the old traditional doctrines that mark the so-called orthodox religions from more modern thought, must pass away. They are doomed not merely by the existence of an organization like this, but they are doomed by the tendency of education and modern thought. It is absolutely impossible that the old traditional doctrines can stand side by side with the public schools

and with modern scientific knowledge. Fight as you may, my friends, for your dogmas and traditional doctrines, they are doomed, doomed to be supplanted, not by no religion, not by a new religion, but by bringing into the foreground of human thought, and human activities, those things that are fundamental to all religions. The Liberal Congress is an organization with positive beliefs. It believes in a God, a God infinitely superior to the old God of tradition. The Liberal Congress of Religion believes in a moral order in this universe and the application of that order to the affairs of men. Therefore, however we may differ, however we may interpret and apply these fundamental principles, we are nevertheless knit together underneath all the superficial differences, by these two fundamental ideas that have been common to religion since the world began. The Congress stands for tolerance. Why is it, my friends, that religion of all the great forces of modern and social life, fraternizes the least? Religion, from its root signification, means to bind men together. But too often it has separated them and set them apart. If there is a class of people in the world that ought to draw close together in friendship and great love, it ought to be people that profess religion. If it were possible, as I believe it will be, through this or some organization, to unify the liberal forces of religion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the southern gulf, liberalism would take on a new dignity and meaning in this country. So may this great brotherhood grow, and may we grow together in the great purposes and interests of religion and in the service of humanity.

MISS SARAH J. FARMER, OF GREENACRE, ME.

Dear Friends:—It seems to me that my pleasant opportunity now is to give thanks. I feel as though I cannot tell you anything about Greenacre unless I first tell you what it means to me to be asked to stand in this place, hallowed by such associations and by the tenderest memories that can come to any heart which loves God. The first night that we came to this temple and were welcomed so heartily by Rabbi Lewinthal, the feeling came over me —I am at home. I have felt at home in a Roman Catholic cathedral, I have felt at home in a Quaker meeting-house, but in an especial way the sense of *homeness* was brought to me here. I had the privilege of being here last Friday night at the service of the church and I heard the note ring out

"There is no death,
What seems so is transition."

And later on these words,

"They live whom we call dead."

Such a reassuring sense of the continuity of life came over me that I went home with a heart full of thanksgiving. This is not all of life, this little day. A friend said to me once, when I was speaking of time and eternity—I had lost a beloved friend—"My dear friend, we are in eternity now, and if we realize this there can be no separation." Later on, when the dear mother who had been so much to my life, was called from me, I knew then, for the first time, that "there is no death." She had gone from me in sleep, and I had had the agony of coming to her and finding her silent, and yet in that silent presence something spoke to me which I had never heard before.

It came to me from the still, small voice within, and now my heart is so full, as I stand here to-day, as I realize that we are welcomed to this beautiful place and that woman has a right to speak here. But there sits on the platform one who knew what it was to work when no women were welcomed; who has borne the burden and heat of the day; you and I are entering into this wonderful day, this great opportunity, because she and others like her, have worked and suffered. And I should not be true to myself if I did not give thanks first of all.

And now a little about Greenacre. My father was an inventor, an electrician, and he used to speak of inventions as inspiration. When a man would bring out a great invention in France or Germany, and another, perhaps in this country, would claim it, he would say, "O, how foolish for men to fight one another and claim it for self, when it is the voice of God speaking and it is the listening ear that catches it." In a little town of fourteen hundred inhabitants in Maine, I, who had got this new glimpse of life, who had come to wish that every fibre of my body were a tongue to tell the good news, thought what a beautiful thing it would be if we could bring together the earnest men and women of the world who are working out God's plans in one way or another. I realized with Tennyson, that

"Throughout the ages one increasing purpose runs."

Merely going to church and cultivating the spiritual nature is not the only religious thing. Everything is religious that is religiously done. I realized that in the paths of science, art, religion, philosophy, in everything, God's work is going forward, and I wanted to call together these different people to confer how best to let this unity be made known. I thought of the delightful congresses that we could have if men could only come together and bring their ideals and not their differences; if they could be held to constructive work. We planned together, my father and I, and one day I took up the paper and read of the wonderful congresses to be held in Chicago, and I said, "O, father, see what is to be done!" Because of that great Parliament and other congresses, we have had the privilege of working at Greenacre. This last summer we called together representatives of many religions. We had the privilege of welcoming to our platform ministers of eighteen different branches of faith, and they all stood together in love and peace. We had a tent on the bank of the river, over which waved a large white flag, bearing in green, the letters "peace." Some one said, "How is it possible for so many people of differing lines of thought, to be together in such perfect harmony?" I answered (and this is one of the secrets of life), "Each is trying to find the best in the other."

When I was a little girl and came home from school with some imagined grievance, my mother would say, "Dear, try to find points of contact in people, and not points of difference."

We have had for four years these beautiful summer gatherings during two months, with conferences daily, and never a jarring thing, all peace and harmony, and it is largely because each one is trying to find the best in the other.

When the first speaker this afternoon spoke of his leaving the historic church in which he was born and bred, it came back to me, the struggle and

strife that were mine when I could not stay in the church that was my father's and mother's. My mother said, "Dear, we have so little time, let's go along together." But I was not large enough then; it did not seem to me right, it did not seem to me true, I must be true to myself to be true to her, and she found afterwards that there was no difference. After I had left that church some one said to me, "Do you know what you have done? You have made Jesus a mere man." "But," I said, "My friend, did it ever occur to you to think what a 'mere man' is? what the world would be if all men were like Jesus, as He told us we have the privilege of being?" And this is the one thought that I want to leave with you. Stop for a moment to think of the manhood and womanhood which is possible to us. I hardly dare trust myself to speak of womanhood, so much thrusts itself upon me as I realize what is before these young girls. If I could have known, years ago, the things I know to-day, O, it seems to me I could have moved the world! You have the opportunity before you. Choose it and make the most of life. Live to your highest ideal to-day, whatever it is, and you will see a higher one to-morrow.

I thank you all for your hospitality. It will always be a dear memory to me.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Mr. Chairman and good friends:—Just about the same spectacle presents itself to me here in this synagogue to-day as I have been accustomed to in hall, church and theatre. Whether these audiences shall have been called together to consider questions of charity, of education, of reform, of religion, the vast majority of each and all is women. The world seems to have given over to woman the consideration, the care, and cure of all the ills of the world. You go into any of our cities and the charities are superintended and managed by women. Men seem perfectly willing to give women not only equal rights in the repairing of the damage in the world, but to absolutely give them supremacy there. Then you go into a great educational institution anywhere and you find there that nine out of ten in your audiences will be women. The world says "Woman is the great educator." Nature has made her such. Go into any of the reforms, whether for temperance, social purity, peace, and there again you will find a little handful of men but the vast majority of your audiences and your workers is women. Then you go into the churches anywhere, and the uncovered head is quite a rarity. Now we live in a democratic, republican government, and the one agony of this age is that the government, whether municipal, state or national, the government everywhere is given over to the consideration of absolute materialism, and the one groan is that the educational, the moral, the humanitarian departments are all neglected by our officials, our representatives in all these government departments, and the world does not seem to know what is the matter. It is clear enough to one who has studied the problem for half a century, that the democratic, republican form of government is the result of the weighing, measuring, and balancing of opinions. Now you have put the ballot into the hands of every possible class who have to do with what we term the material interests of the world, every money-making enterprise that is carried on in the world, is enfranchised, you might say. On the other hand, you have put the charities, religion, reforms, educational interests, into the hands of women, all disfranchised. A little handful of men, good men, like our friends Mr. Jones and Dr. Thomas, come over to help the women a little, but they are a minority of the voting class and so far as influencing the government is concerned, the few men who are associated in these departments are of no more account in government than so many women, simply because the vast majority of their constituents, of those interested in them, being women and disfranchised, have no political power, and consequently the men who represent them have but little. I know this is very discouraging to our good men, nevertheless, as the Good Book says, "Such company as ye keep such ye are," and these men are associated with women, consequently they are in government and all material associations considered of no more avail than women. And dear good Mother Hillis, who was here at the convention not many years ago, came to this conclusion when she went before a legislative body with a petition signed by many thousands of women. When she appealed to the representatives about her petition, the men said "Law me! these women's names are of no more consequence before this legislature than the names of so many mice." That is where we stand. And we are all the time berating the government and office-holders because they lack principle, because they do not look after morals. It is utterly impossible for them to do it. It is unphilosophical to expect a leading office-holder or representative of the people to do the bidding of any class, to obey the behest of anybody that does not have behind him or her the votes to sustain an official in action which he has asked. Never, never can it be done. You have all your weights in one scale, that is, politically speaking, they are all in the scale of material growth, of material interests; while every one of the moral, educational, industrial interests are virtually disfranchised, and wherever there is a demand made by any of the moral interests of any political body whether it shall be in your city of Nashville, or the great metropolis of New York, it does not matter, the moral interests are always made to kick the beam while the material interests pull down the scale. This whole question is a matter of mathematics—the question of government—as to whether it will be on the side of manipulations, corruptions, and everything which you deem not desirable; or whether it shall be on the side of morals, education and reform.

I believe in the liberal religion. I do not regret that I have to leave anything, for I was born there. I have never known anything else in my own father's home or in the church of my father. But I have been associated during most of my life in the outside world with people who do not agree with the religious doctrines of my home, but I have never heard any that seemed quite so good to me as the dear old Hicksite Quaker. As you know, the Quakers do not believe in voting even, so I have got a good ways off from them. But I want to say to you, good friends, that while you are working to secure the recognition of the liberal idea, you must practically be working to get that humanitarian idea expressed in government before it can be made to permeate and redeem this nation. There is no

other way given under heaven by which the whole people can be renovated and saved, by which the conditions of society can be made to help all people to be just and honest and good, except by the great principles of justice and equality in the constitutions of the nation and in all the states of the union. That is the first step.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SECRETARY.

Friends, I have been out on yon hills this morning discovering the old battle lines and bivouacs of my soldier days. Last Tuesday night I could allude in a playful way, to the experiences that were ploughed into my life thirty-four years ago. To-day I can speak of those experiences only with profound emotions. Then I was a beardless boy, full of misunderstood or un-understood longings and purposes. To-day I walked the ramparts of old Fort Negley, where, on a bitter December night, the ice-king well nigh pushed me to the wall. I was able to show my daughter where I stood on guard another bitter night when the pest found me and I was smitten with small-pox. I could locate the spot where I lay for several days with the light of day shut out by the fell disease. I remember my convalescence, when I was permitted to act for a while the part of nurse before I was strong enough to take the field; and when the time came, I recall a great, awkward Hoosier boy who, when he found out I was going broke down, and calling me by the only name I was known by, "Welshy," he said "by doggy, I will die if Welshy goes." And when I went over into the other ward where I had been ministering to the patients of the Confederate army who had come down with the pest, an Alabama corporal said, "Why should you go? I will be well enough in a few days and can't you get an order that will let you and me stay here and take care of these sick folks until the end of the war? I tell you what it is, Welshy, I am here by accident. We all sort of got mixed at Franklin; my horse got wild and I rode plumb into your line when I thought I was going the other way. But I am glad I came if you will only get the general to let me take care of these sick folks."

I remember again, of how, out there in front of Fort Negley, when two armies were famishing with cold, the pickets on guard used to fire into the air every now and then in order to conceal the noise of the axes which, by mutual consent, parties from both lines went out to wield, then they divided the fuel thus keeping themselves warm on picket. I remember of how, after the awful day of battle out there, I was permitted to act on the detail that went with the quartermaster and hauled loads of provisions to five thousand of my fellow-beings in the old quarry, which I located this morning. It was cold, slushy, December weather. One-half of these prisoners of war were barefooted, or nearly so, another half were without coats. I remember when we threw out the hardtack and bacon of how they seized it and of how one of them, having discovered a bag of coffee they had overlooked, raised it above his head and cried "Boys, sure enough coffee! Boys, sure enough coffee!"

Now, as I look back across these thirty-four years, I know not where my Alabama patient may be, I know not what became of the Hoosier boy, whether he died or not, but I do know, and they now know that deeper than all the lines that separated Union and Confederate, higher than all the forces that divided the bars and stars and the stars and stripes were the holy ties of life and love, which knit the Wisconsin boy to the Alabama boy, ties forged in the factory of the Almighty and forged to hold through all eternity.

Fellow citizens of Nashville, we have come down here with a message. We are here by no accident. We are a logical attachment to your successful Exposition. I think we would have had to wait another twenty-five years if Nashville had not been shaken out of its apathy and torpor by the power of its centennial memories, these enkindled a burst of hospitality, ambition, and aspiration, that let us in. Now when we are gone, perhaps the shell will seem to close again, but will it close as tight or on as contracted a space as before, and if it will close, it will shut some of us on the inside and not on the outside. We have come to stay in your minds and hearts. We are to keep tab on you and on ourselves hereafter. We will note with delight how the South will turn its sunshine towards the loving potencies that are awakening and quickening into prophetic life the dormant forces of humanity, forces that have been too long sleeping under the blanket of complacency, and bigotry, and superstition. Let us arouse and arise to thought. Let us be assured that thought will breed love, and love action, and action life, the life of earnestness, the life that is measured by character. Such life is religious life. Religion is righteousness, reverence, loving trust.

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> More life and better that we want."

REV. H. W. THOMAS OF CHICAGO, PRESIDENT.

The hour has come, dear friends, to close our Congress. When we separate and are gone from you, it may be that discussions will arise over what we have said and done, and we do not object to this. Our standpoint is different from that of the Orthodox. We all look out upon the same world, a great humanity, but we see it differently. Our orthodox friends look upon this as a lost world, lost by the sin of Adam some six thousand years ago. They look upon it as a world redeemed by a sacrifice, either to placate the wrath of God, or to pay a debt of justice. They look upon the world as drifting on for ages, beyond the scenes of time, to a final separation, a separation that has been occurring ever since the first deaths came, in which the good are carried to some heavenly blessedness, and the un-good are lost forever. Now we look at the world differently, not as a lost world to be saved by a substitutional redemption from either wrath or justice we look upon it as an imperfect world to be developed, as a sick world to be healed; as a sinful world to be called back and forgiven by the Father of All. We love the name of Christ. We adore his life. We all of us believe in the divinity of Christ, because we believe in the divinity of man; that man at center is essentially divine; and that Christ is the fulness of that divinity revealed in humanity. We believe that men should be like the Christ; that we should have the spirit of Christ, seek to be perfect as the Father is perfect. We believe that God was in Christ. We believe that God, in the measure we receive Him and welcome Him, is

in you and in me, and that God will ultimately be all in all. We believe in the consequences of wrong. We believe these consequences go on beyond this life, but we believe that all wrong is self-undoing; that all education, discipline, government, is to save, and not to destroy. Hence we do not believe in saying the sad word of despair over any grave. We do not believe in endless punishment. We do believe that the prodigals will all come home, whether in this world or some other world; and that the Father will go out a great way to meet them.

And now, friends, we go away, having sown the seed as best we could. We wait for the spirit of love to brood upon it, and we go away loving those who have not agreed with us, respecting their opinions; we go away with only kind feeling and loving prayers for those who have thought and said hard things about our Liberal Congress. We believe, under God, we are helping to save the faith of the world, and working for the faith, the church of the future. We believe that the old foundations are going, almost gone; that there is to come a new interpretation of religion, and out of it to rise a great rational inspiring faith and hope. And we do hope that when our Congress assembles in Omaha, many loving spirits from this Southland will come up to shake hands with us. I belong to the Southland by birth and raising. I love its sympathies, I love its people, and just as far as you are willing to welcome us and work with us we are glad to welcome and work with you; and where we cannot work together, let us each go along our paths saying kind things one of the other. And let us not say good-night at parting, nor good-by only in the sense of "God be with you till we meet again." What is time? What is life? There is always a day after to-day. And in that day you and I will live; and in some brighter clime we will say good morning.

And, on behalf of the Congress, I want to thank Dr. Lewinthal and his noble congregation for opening their doors to us. We have felt at home here in this temple of God. And I want to thank again the press for all its kind words. We could speak only to the few; they have given us voice to the millions of this country. We want to thank the excellent ladies for the reception they gave us, and thank all the warm hearts that have welcomed us and greeted us on the streets, wherever we have been.

DR. ISIDORE LEWINTHAL, OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

When the Executive Committee of the Tennessee Centennial saw fit to put me on the committee and make me chairman of it, to devise ways and means to enable this Liberal Congress of Religion to meet in this city, a great many of my orthodox friends were horrified, and they said, "How can you, a Jew, associate with Godless men and women?" They were horrified when they heard that the doors of this Temple were to be thrown open to this body. And I fear they know as little of Judaism as they know of the ends and business of the Liberal Congress of Religion. One little story will cover the point. The fables tell of a bird of great beauty, the only one of its kind, neither male nor female. Whenever it feels death approaching it lines its nest with all the odorous plants possible, sets fire to it and burns it, but out of its ashes there rises a bird more beautiful, more enchanting, than the one that has passed away. Now Judaism is such, ever living, never dying. Whenever it finds its old forms and ideas have outgrown their uses, whenever they come in conflict with science, with liberalism, it casts off these old shells and, rejuvenated, it stands before the world, before science, chanting always the same old song—there is but one God, and all human beings are brethren. This, my friends, is the motto of the Liberal Congress.

I am indeed glad, Mr. President, that I have been able to lend a helping hand, to have you meet, not only in this city, not only to visit our beautiful Exposition, but also that through the generosity of my congregation, you have been able to meet in this beautiful House of God. I am satisfied that since hearing these papers and discussions I am a better Jew than ever, and I hope that if there are any weak-kneed Christians about, that they will also have profited by these, and become better Christians, and thus bring us closer together.

And now, at the close of the session, Mr. President, I bid you and all the guests God speed, and hope that an All Kind Providence will guide and watch over the work and enable us to meet next year in the city of Omaha.

BENEDICTION.

May the Divine Spirit of Justice, Goodness and Mercy abide with you all. Do Thou, O God, bless us and guard us. Let Thy mandates shine in graciousness upon us here assembled. Turn Thy face toward all mankind and give it peace now and forever. Amen.

If we had eyes to see back of the failure, the high resolve, the persistent effort, the struggle against fearful odds, the silence, the waiting, the injustice, the false assumptions as to motives, how very different sometimes would that failure seem? How would it often glow with the brightest light of success. FRANCES B. DUNNING.

The report from South Africa is authentic that monkeys are now used to do the work of human beings. Captain E. Moss has twenty-four of them at work in a gold mine, and reports that they are equal to about seven able-bodied men. They do a class of work that men can not do as well—often lending aid where man would be absolutely useless. They gather up the small bits of quartz that the workmen have overlooked, and pile into little heaps, that can easily be taken with a shovel, and thrown into the quartz mill. Their keen eyes are sharp to see gold particles, that the human eye would pass over. It came about in this way: that two pet monkeys were allowed to follow their master about the mines, until they were observed to be gathering these minute particles of quartz and gold. This suggested the farther experiment which has proved successful. The monkeys live and work together without quarreling; are methodical in habits, going to work and retiring from work precisely like human beings.

The sea remembers not the vessel's rending reel,
But rushes joyously the ravage to conceal.
So, patient under scorn and injury abide,—
Who conquereth all within may dare the world outside.
—*W. W. Story.*

The Study Table.

DIOMED, THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS OF A DOG.—By John Sergent Wise. Published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston and New York.

As soon as this book was on the reviewer's table it was off again, and everyone in the house was contending for a chance to read it. The story is told charmingly. The sympathy with animal life is delightful. The humor is delicate; and the whole literary finish is satisfactory. There is a constant collateralism of dog sentiment and human sentiment, that touches us human folk off neatly at times. Thus Diomed is supposed to say that "human language and conduct are not only thoroughly understood by dogs, but they comprehend them at a much earlier age than do humans, because, I presume, of our much shorter lives and earlier maturity." The first illustration is to accompany this passage that animal lovers will appreciate. "A vacant stall, liberally supplied with tan-bark and flooded by the morning sunlight, had been assigned to mother. Our only neighbor was the old family horse, a warm friend of my mother, who daily looked over the partition, and enquired after the health of the family. The language of dogs and that of horses is so nearly alike that there is no trouble whatever understanding one another." Here is a bit of dog reminiscence: "Those were very happy days with me, and with the children, even if the sun was very hot. They loved me and I loved them. We are grown men now; one a soldier, one a lawyer, another in college, scattered hither and thither. And I? Well I am only an old feeble dog, whose day of usefulness is gone; too old to hunt; cared for and loved not for what I am, but for what I have been; waiting, waiting for what? Alas, I know not. It was but yesterday that, stretched upon the floor asleep, I was aroused by the sympathetic words, 'Poor old Di! He is dreaming of some hunt of long ago.' No doubt I had been lying there with twitching legs and little stifled barks; for, in truth, I had been dreaming of the days we spent in Minnesota eight years ago." But the book is too evenly good for quotation. It is also perfect in its make-up. The publishers have done a job to be proud of. With the author, we close it up, saying "O, that the world had more of this dog faithfulness in it." E. P. P.

MEN, WOMEN AND MANNERS IN COLONIAL TIMES.—By Sidney George Fisher. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co. in two volumes.

This book came to hand in the rush of holiday issues, and was laid aside for leisure, and for such careful attention as it deserved. The publisher's work has been done so admirably that we might easily place these two volumes among editions de luxe. The revival of interest in colonial history and colonial life is marked in every direction; and these volumes are an expression of what the whole people begin to feel. Mr. Fisher says well that we are "rediscovering the debt we owe to the colonists." We are turning to investigate every detail of colonial life with a loving devotion, which it is hoped may be a sign of stronger national feeling, or at least of an attempt to have a true national feeling; and to "give up the so-called cosmopolitanism and vulgar worship of everything foreign which has so long been our bane." He distinctly declares it to be his purpose to present the various aspects and influences of colonial life in a way "to interest ordinary readers." And this is exactly what he has done. There is not so much here that is entirely new to scholars, but it is put together in a fresh and useful way; and what is better, in a way to make it attractive home reading. In fact I do not know where else any one can find colonial history so well written, and so entertainingly. One is reminded of McMaster's style—which is always gossipy rather than profound—and so is adapted to common readers. When it comes to passing judgment on men and events, Mr. Fisher is not of so much value. For instance, on page 86, of volume 1, he says of Jefferson: "His recorded words and what is said of him seem inadequate to account for the stupendous influence he exercised, the political party he created, the ideas he established, and the worship which follows him till this day. But it was the personality, the native force which he exercised, unconsciously, which, while he lived subdued the minds of men, and now it is dead with him, there is nothing to explain the result." It is unfortunately true, however, that Mr. Jefferson's personality was not of the sort suggested by the author. His power in America and over American history has been that of pure intellectuality, absolutely delivered from the bondage of pre-judgment and partizanship. Mr. Jefferson, above all men, has left that which explains his power. The establishment of popular government, the university system of America, the Declaration of Independence, the earlier amendment to the Constitution, the Northwest Ordinance, giving the northwest to free labor, are but items that first suggest themselves to us, as we think of this magnificent intellect, that has not only the glory of having created popular liberty, but so far, of having saved it from wreckage. The books are well worth placing in your family library. E. P. P.

The Journal of Hygiene, edited by Dr. Holbrook, lies before us for the last few months, constantly read and highly valued. I can say without stint of exaggeration, that there is no more useful and helpful journal in the United States, that deals with the problem of health. There is in it more common sense point and reasonableness than in all other books, papers or periodicals that deal with the same topics. It ought to be in your family. E. P. P.

Possession.

When some great soul has finished a grand earthly career, humanizing the whole world by his humaneness, beatifying every virtue by his deeds, how small it seems for any man, or body of men, to make undue effort to classify him. If his name cannot be found on any church book, or be in any manner safely put there, a larger class must claim him.

From time to time, for more than a quarter of a century, the question has been publicly asked, "Was a certain Christ-like man a Christian?"

I cannot imagine how Abraham Lincoln would be a jot or tittle less the man that he was if by any possibility it might be proved that he was a Mohammedan or a Jew. FRANCES B. DUNNING.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

LETTER FROM A UNITY READER IN BERLIN.

With Christmas time just over I must write you about it and how I spent it here in Germany. It was different from any other I ever spent, but a very beautiful one. Days before, one could tell that Christmas was near by every one's happy expression. It was so interesting to go through the streets, and to look at the gay shop windows—every fourth one perhaps with a fir tree. The pfefferkuchen shops were especially interesting. Before them were always a crowd of children eating, in imagination, the cakes and chocolate wares, or looking at the wonderful house made of cakes and candy that Hansel and Gretel found in the forest, usually with the old woman before it, and the children, too. I passed dozens of children on the street, looking so cold and shivering, with toys or picture-books for sale, who asked me always in the same plaintive voice to buy, often having a rhyme which they repeated over and over. Old women had violets and other flowers which they carried in flat baskets suspended before them from the shoulders, leaving their hands free to bind the bouquets and to offer one with a smile to every passer-by. In five minutes' walk one passes at least a dozen of them, some with larger baskets on standards and heaped with cut flowers and all kinds of greens—holly, mistletoe, and pussy-willows. Then besides the children with their toys, and the women with their flowers, one saw all kinds of cripples on the streets. Some of them had cheap things to sell; one poor old man with legs cut off at the knees, ground a hand organ, and politely touched his hat as one passed by, while before him was the box for money. I saw several blind men led along by little children and holding a box for money before them. Probably some of them were shams, but they were all sad enough to look at.

Long before Christmas the fir trees began to pour into the city by car loads, most of them from the Hartz forests. It looked like a bit of forest when they were all set up. Walking down the street between rows of them, so high that nothing else was to be seen, and with their peculiar fragrance one could imagine himself far away in some wild forest.

Scattered all through the city wherever there was a corner, and in all the large squares, were temporary booths with Christmas goods for sale, and forming what is called "Weinachtsmarkt." The squares were filled with them, one beside another, on either side of the main walks. The booth from behind looked like roughly made dry goods boxes, but from the other side they made a more pleasing impression, with their canvas fly and their counters and corners filled to overflowing, leaving room only for the man or woman, usually the latter, to turn around in. Here were special Christmas wares, each booth with its peculiar kind. There were apples, nuts, all kinds of pfefferkuchen, or gingercakes, but as it is a peculiar kind or kinds they bake at Christmas time I can hardly translate it, as Americans do not have it. Besides these were toys, dolls in queer knit dresses, felt shoes, mittens, all kinds of Christmas tree trimmings, and cheap trinkets, making a very interesting and gaudy display. In the booths, beside the women, were numberless children with home-made toys and trinkets to sell, spread on a bench or table, without the protection of the booth and its canvas cover. They had no protection at all from the rain and snow which fell at intervals all through the weeks before Christmas. One little girl had a table full of home-made sheep, and with her hands wrapped up in her jacket, and shifting from one foot to the other to keep warm, she repeated over and over "Buy my sheep, buy my sheep." Another had tissue-paper parasols and in a sing-song voice, without pausing, said over and over "ten-pfennig a sun-umbrella, ten pfennig a sun-umbrella. "On the bridge near by was also Weinachtsmarkt. On the stone railing were little marble figures in a row, looking as if a gust of wind would blow them over into the black canal below. In the evening each booth had a little lantern hanging before it, making the whole, from the distance, look like a gypsy camp. Around this market came all kinds of little hand-drawn wagons with various attractions—one with warm sausages, one with hot waffles, and one laden with little packages, each said to contain something of value for five pfennig.

Here, in Berlin, at all times the streets are lined with shops in cellars or basements, and this last week, when the little windows close to the ground were too small for a display of the goods, the street itself was made use of. In the damp air and on the muddy stone pavement were spread the shoes, the dishes, the basket-ware — or, in large baskets, fruit and vegetables, leaving barely room to pass by. Large displays of furniture, too, I have seen, all in the damp, rainy atmosphere, as, until the last two days, the weather has been quite what one would expect to find in London—everything so enveloped in fog in the evening that but one lamp-post has been plainly visible at a time.

Another interesting place to go this last week was into one of the market halls. They are scattered all through the city and, inside, remind one of the exhibits in our country fairs in America, only many times as large. They are, however, all different, some large and some small, with everything imaginable in the grocery line for sale. The one into which I went the day before Christmas is famous for its flowers. One large end is given over to them and it was such a beautiful sight! Each merchant had her special table, laden either with potted plants or freshly cut blossoms, all looking wonderfully tempting — fragrant hyacinths, alpen violets, tulips, christrosen, and numberless others. As I went by each one begged me to stay by her, assuring me, so politely, that her flowers were charming, that I felt quite hard-hearted to go by without making a purchase. From this fragrant greenhouse one comes out to the less tempting odors of cheeses, sauer-kraut, fish, meats of all kinds, fruit, nuts, everything, to felt shoes and sandals. Some of the merchants have permanent places where they are to be found with the same wares every day, but others must arrange theirs as best they can on the floor, or wherever they can get a good situation. Some of them come from their homes in the country at twelve at night.

Early in the week were festivals for poor children

all over the city, one of which I saw. The city is in different parts and each division appoints committees and raises money in order to give this one evening to the poor children—children who would otherwise have no tree and no presents. First the orphans are taken, then the fatherless, or those whose fathers are without work, taking but one child out of each family, and each year a different one. No child over fourteen is taken. All this information is usually gained through the teachers of the common schools. Each child selected is given a ticket with which he goes to a certain shoemaker who makes him a pair of shoes. A sewing girl comes to the school and takes measurements and for each child a set of underclothing is made. Then on the appointed evening each child comes with his number and is allowed to bring his mother and his brothers and sisters to look on. The latter all come in after the children and stand in one end of the room, there being seats enough for only about a third.

At this festival where I went the tables were spread across the large hall with places for one hundred and sixty children, and at each place the presents were arranged, all equal and nearly alike. There were for each the shoes, the underclothing, woolen stockings, a great plate of nuts, apples and gingercakes, and a cake large enough for the whole family; for each boy a game and for each girl a paper doll outfit, besides other little things. The children sat facing a beautiful Christmas tree placed before a large mirror. First, there was singing, in which all joined—"Silent night," "From Heaven High," and other carols. Then a genial-faced minister talked to the children for a short time, and after another song the things were packed together. The tables were quickly cleared, as the mothers must help, and into the market-baskets the things quickly disappeared. When the women came in I wondered why they came with their great baskets, but later I saw the wisdom of it. Some of them packed the things in tablecloths or red handkerchiefs, and the one hundred and sixty little waifs all disappeared with beaming faces.

Christmas eve, or holy evening, as the German word implies, the churches were open at four. It was a very beautiful service with a short word after by the minister in his long black robes, who stood before the altar, on either side of which burned two great fir trees. The trees were decorated only with the hundreds of candles. After church I was invited to see another Christmas tree, given by two sisters to six little tots, who otherwise would have had no tree. When the tree was lighted the doors were thrown open, and singing "Silent night, holy night," they flocked about the tree. Each child had some Christmas poem to recite which had been learned in school, the first one telling the story of the first Christmas in Bethlehem. Then they gathered around the table heaped with presents, dresses, aprons, stockings, song-books, many more things, and the usual plate heaped with nuts, apples, and cakes. One could not help wondering how, outside of school hours and school work, the two ladies could have found time to make, themselves, the dresses, the stockings, the scarfs and aprons. After another song, all together, the six little people bade their adieus, each one making the pretty little bow which German children give, and went home with their treasures.

Such was Christmas eve, from the Emperor's palace, with its seven great trees cheerfully lighted, down to the little homes where but a tiny tree brought the same pleasure.

Christmas morning I went to church to hear the minister chant out the liturgy and the boy choir sing so beautifully above us the Christmas carols. These boys from the common schools go from courtyard to courtyard with their teacher, singing sacred music. It is a custom of the old cloister schools revived about fifteen years ago. They are called "Currende." Every one gathers at the windows on all sides of the court and pieces of money are dropped down which are gathered by one of their number. The first morning I was in Berlin they sang below our window with clear and beautiful voices, but they are most frequently heard just before Christmas.

The 25th was but the first holiday for the Germans, the second day being equally important. The shops are closed both days, except the market halls, bakeries and so on, which are open but an hour in the morning. I imagine the poor men and women who stand behind the counters appreciate the rest, as, for the last three weeks the shops have been open on Sundays from one to ten in the afternoon, as well as on week days. Every Sunday during the year the smaller shops are open from twelve to two, but the last two Sundays before Christmas every thing was open all the afternoon, and the streets were crowded with people, as if that were the one day in which they could do their shopping. One of the large stores became so full of people one Sunday afternoon that it was impossible to move and the doors were closed to incomers, and people only allowed to go out.

I was interested in looking up how the fir tree came to be a part of the Christmas celebration. It was first used at a heathen festival of the old German tribes celebrating the fact that the long winter nights were at an end and that the sun was newly born. The people believed that from Johannis night, the 24th of June, the wheel of the sun rolled down until the 24th of December, when it began to roll up again. As a symbol of the new light a mighty tree trunk was brought in and laid on the fire, and before the house was planted a fir tree which was decorated with candles and bright ribbons. But when this heathen festival was turned into a Christian one and made to celebrate the birth of Christ, the lighted fir tree disappeared for a period of about a thousand years, and it is only about one hundred years since the beautiful symbol has again appeared in German families. Before that the manger, with its representation of the babe and mother, was in every home as it is at present in South Germany, as well as in some places in North Germany. Since about 1830 a Christmas in any house in North Germany without a tree, trimmed with burning candles, pfefferkuchen and sweets, is an unheard-of thing, from Emperor's palace to the poorest cottage. The tree is lighted every evening and on "Sylvester" the eve before New Year, it will be burning in every home. The Christmas spirit was contagious, and even for me, so far from home, it has been a joyous time.

ANNA NELL PHILIP.

Berlin, Germany, Dec. 26, 1897.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Paths.

The path that leads to a loaf of bread
  Winds through the swamps of toil,
And the path that leads to a suit of clothes
  Goes through a flowerless soil.
And the path that leads to the loaf of bread
And the suit of clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a house of your own
  Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the path that leads to a bank account
  Is swept by the blast that kills:
But the men who start in the paths today
In the lazy hills may go astray.

In the lazy hills are trees of shade
  By the dreamy brooks of sleep,
And the rollicking river of pleasure laughs,
  And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of winter come
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the lazy hills
  When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a bank account
  And the path to a house of their own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
  But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.

Sam Walter Foss.

The Omaha Congress.

OCTOBER 18–23, 1898.

A Director's Call.

In order to secure perfect success in the Congress of 1898 at least one thousand dollars should be raised. Those who feel desirous of helping will please forward sums, large or small, to be credited to them in this column. Bear in mind this is not a rich man's work; but the forward movement of the people. E. P. Powell, $10.00.

DAVENPORT, IA.—The dedication of the new Unitarian church is to continue from January 30th to February 2d. The church auditorium will be dedicated on Sunday the 30th; the social rooms on Tuesday evening, February 1st, and Unity Hall on Wednesday evening, with meetings in the intervening evenings and afternoons.

At the dedication of the new Unitarian Church, on Sunday, January 30th, Mr. Gould of Chicago will give the address before the Sunday School at 9:45; at 11 a. m, Rev. Mary A. Stafford of Sioux City will preach the sermon; in the evening there will be addresses by Rev. F. L. Hosmer of St. Louis, Rev. J. Vila Blake of Chicago, and Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline. Monday afternoon and evening there will be further addresses; Tuesday afternoon the house warming of the social rooms will take place with a supper, following by toasts. Hon. D. L. Shorey of Chicago is expected to participate. On Wednesday evening the New Unity Hall will be dedicated, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago will make the leading address.

CHICAGO.—The tables at the recent annual meeting of All Souls Church were never so fully crowded before. Upwards of two hundred and fifty people were present. After a hearty dinner was fully enjoyed, it took twenty-eight different reports to represent the various activities of the church. All the collateral activities of clubs, Sunday-school, and the various Helen Heath settlement interests reported maximum work with cash balance on the right side. Only in the work for the boys in the reading room and manual training department of the church was there a shrinkage reported, and that was on account of the absence from the city of Miss Brinkerhoff who, through a succession of years, had increasingly led this work upwards. Notwithstanding the hard times the total financial activities of the year represented $10,390.59, $2,079.07 of which was raised this year on the $4,036 fund which paid off the last obligation of the church to the American Unitarian association. The pastor's report shows that outside the city of Chicago during the year 1897, he had preached and lectured sixty-six times in eighteen different towns and in seven different states, and spoken in the city outside of the church thirty-nine times in thirty different places, and he has conducted one hundred and seventy-eight different week-day classes in the church. William Kent, chairman of the building committee, spoke hopefully of the "castle that is still in Spain," but he said "We who are strong in the faith that in a creedless church we have what the world is waiting for, we who worship the God of things as they are when viewed as best we may view them, in their whole length and breadth and thickness, feel keenly the lack of mechanical contrivance to proclaim what we hold the true and the essential. THE NEW UNITY is a sort of a telephone to our message, and a suitable building would be a megaphone. Our close and crowded quarters act and react upon us but we must patiently await the further convalescence of business. Plans have been nearly matured and your committee now await with hope and confidence the coming of times of reasonable prosperity when the careful thought of the architect can be crystallized into the fact of masonry and the splendid platform of the church can address a deservedly larger constituency. When the congregation feels willing to make the sacrifice necessary—no, it is always willing—when the congregation can find its pocket-book, the building committee is ready to do what is necessary to be done towards realizing the hope so long deferred. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Trustees, A. H. Hanson, H. S. Hyman, L. M. Smith, N. B. Higbee, and Warren McArthur; Secretary, Hoyt King; Treasurer, Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen; Chairmen of Social Section, Mrs. M. H. Perkins, Mrs. Edward Morris, Mrs. L. M. Smith;

BE FAIR.

With the Only Body You Have.

People dislike to look unpleasant facts in the face, and yet we must do this in order to avoid the habits which the body shows are killing. A man or woman may have warning from stomach, nerves, or liver trouble, that coffee drinking is steadily undermining their constitution, the illness day after day, showing absolutely that there is some serious disturbance and their common sense tells them that it gets worse instead of better.

They know coffee is the cause but try and deceive themselves with assurance that it is some temporary disorder of the stomach and will go away of itself. So the drug (coffee) is swallowed each day and the dismal war goes on. It would seem the part of common sense to look matters squarely in the face and make a cut for health and liberty from bodily distress. Anyone esteems health to be of more value than money or property, so why not make a little intelligent effort to gain and keep it. Drop the coffee and adopt Postum, the health coffee, made of the pure grains of the field intended by nature for man's subsistence and nourishment. It looks like the finest Mocha.

When boiled *full* 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java, and agrees perfectly with the weakest stomach. It is made at Battle Creek, Mich., by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim. "It makes red blood" is the trade-mark, and can be found with grocers.

Substitutors drug their concoctions to give them a coffee flavor. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals and the words, "It makes red blood" thereon.

Chairmen Charitable Section, Mrs. William Kent and Mrs. H. C. Lytton; Chairman Missionary Section, Mrs. W. H. Mallory; Chairman Educational Section, Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard.

CHICAGO, RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH.—An addition has recently been made to the regular form of worship in Ryder Memorial church by the adoption of a series of readings and prayers, with responses, by choir and congregation, from a published work containing one for each Sunday in the year. The selections from scripture being well chosen, and the chants very beautiful, it is thought that when the congregation becomes sufficiently familiar with them to join in the musical, as well as the other responses, the service will be solemn and impressive. Eight membeis were added to the church last Sunday, one an intelligent girl who had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. Four others from one family, represented three generations.

We have a flourishing kindergarten class in the Sunday-school, in charge of two earnest teachers, one of whom has also organized in the school a Junior Union, made up of children from six to ten years of age. These little tots take turns in leading the meetings, form committees, and are being imbued with the spirit of helpfulness in church work. The Christmas entertainment was, as is our custom, a feast rather of giving than receiving.

The gaily-bedecked tree contained only small packages of pop-corn and candy, and simple Christmas cards, for the scholars, but was surrounded by huge and suggestive packages of books, toys, and clothing, contributed by them, and destined to carry at least a transient streak of brightness to some poor homes. These gifts are sent to a lady who is a veritable sister of mercy in South Chicago, and who had, on the strength of promises from us, invited fifty poor children to a Christmas entertainment. Her account of it, given to us on the following Sunday, made many eyes brim with tears of mingled gladness and pity.

For some time past we have adopted the plan of having one class take charge of the Sunday-school service each Sunday. The members choosing the hymns and reading the lessons, and the teacher reviewing it. We feel that variety keeps up interest, and are glad of any suggestions towards that end.

The Search Light club was nearly smothered under theosophy last year, but is now struggling out of the mist towards something that can be more easily comprehended. The lectures of this year have been thus far of social problems, and are followed, as heretofore, by free and animated discussion. The single-tax theory has some warm supporters in Woodlawn and has been the basis of several discourses.

If it be the truth it must eventually triumph, though its prophet rests from his labors. L. J. P.

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In this book, the author, Mr. George E. Wright, seeks to carry the evolution theory beyond the point where Darwin rested, tracing the life principle through all material forms, and dealing with psychic phenomena, which, not being understood generally, are relegated to the border-land between science and occultism.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

1. DAWN.
2. WIDER EVOLUTION.
3. GROWTH OF HUMAN KIND.
4. A CYCLE OF ETERNITY.
5. ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS.
6. THE MAGIC OF NATURE.
7. ILLUSION.
8. REAL OCCULTISM.
9. RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

The following are brief extracts from a few of the many newspaper reviews of the book:

"In compressing so vast a subject into so small a space the writer has necessarily constructed little more than a skeleton, but the work is an earnest effort to draw attention to what the author esteems must be the line along which the true progress of humanity will be achieved."—*Denver* (Colo.) *News.*

"A delightful study in wider evolution is given in a little volume entitled "On the Outer Rim," by George E. Wright. This writer attempts to give the theories and advancement of the doctrine of evolution, carrying it into development of the soul, and growth of human kind. There are some nine essays, and in the last the author treats of the religion of the future and takes a very broad view, bringing together all the people of the earth and all the religions and sects, and denounces the narrowness of sectarianism. It is well worth reading."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

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"Mr. Wright has made an interesting book, full of suggestive thoughts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Mr. Wright's definition of the occult is different from the idea conveyed by that much-abused word to the popular mind. At the present stage of evolution we have two distinct quantities, the known and the unknown. The known may be considered as contained within the boundaries of what we call science, the unknown may be classed as occultism."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

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There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful; if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

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The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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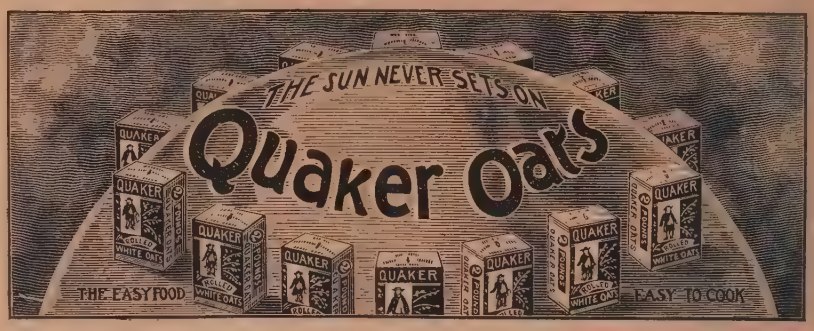

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". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising—the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger—danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid—even if it be but a little—in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them—their proper field—the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word-padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

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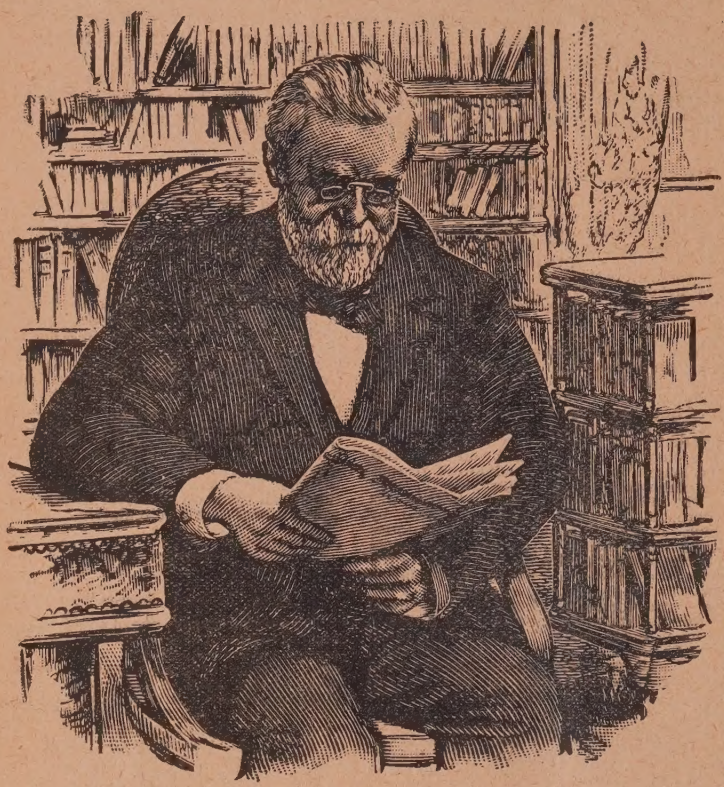

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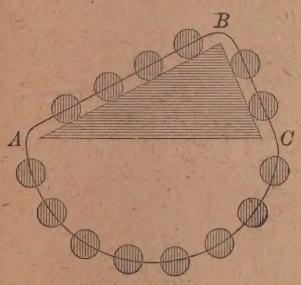

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